

THE
L I F E
O F
H E N R Y VIII.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

In which are interperfed,
Historical NOTES, Moral REFLECTIONS and
OBSERVATIONS, in refpect to the unhappy
Fate Cardinal WOLSEY met with.

Never before Publish'd.

*Low on his Funeral Couch he lies !
No pitying Heart, no Eye afford
A Tear to grace his Obsequies.*

GRAY.

Adorned with feveral COPPER-PLATES.

By the Author of the HISTORY of the LIFE and
TIMES of Cardinal WOLSEY.

by Joseph Grove

Dedicated to COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

L O N D O N :

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(Price 1 s. 6 d.)

THE
 LIFE
 OF
 HENRY
 BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

In which are inserted
 Historical Notes, Moral Reflections and
 Observations in relation to the unhappy
 Late Cardinal Wolsey first with
 Never before published



Adorned with several Copper-plates
 By the Author of the History of the Life and
 Times of Cardinal Wolsey
 Published at CORNLEY CHURCH

LONDON
 Printed for J. Browne, without Temple, near St. Dunstons
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 St. Dunstons Church-yard, in the Strand.

TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;
POET-LAUREAT.

SIR,

YOU are still regarded as one of the greatest comedians that ever trod the *British* stage. — The character drawn by *Shakespear* of Cardinal *Wolfey*, in the following piece, you have acted with a free, open, benevolent, and a becoming dignity, natural to the innate disposition of that most illustrious Minister of State, which gained you high applause; and that is the principal reason for my addressing you at this time. — However, it leads me to say, you have, by your acting, managing, and writings, greatly contributed to the raising the honour of our Theatres; and consequently (with great submission) you deserve the esteem of all lovers of Theatrical performances, who are certainly the greatest and politest part of the *British* nation.

It is with pleasure we now see the rage of party prejudice subside; and that even before you are *no more*, the world acknowledges YOUR NATIVE GENIUS, *which* (as *Dryden* told the late most noble, generous, and learned Earl of *Dorset*) is INBORN TO YOU. — In a word, you have at times met with the like treatment *Dryden* did; and it has had the same period the immortal Mr. *Pope* gives us to understand, attended the reflections cast on that great poet.

*Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past,
 For rising merit will buoy up at last:
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
 For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first the sun too pow'rful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.*

I shall trouble you no farther than by observing, you have hitherto passed the *vale of life* to a good *old age* with reputation; and have, in all your actions, proved, *that good nature and good sense* are inseparable; nor have you, at any time, forgot to help and relieve the distress'd, many instances of which I could relate: and those, joined with your poetical and other merits, will transmit your name to Posterity with respect: And when time commissioned shall turn your destin'd glass — May you

——— gently exchange your happy shade,
 For bow'rs of blifs, whose beauties never fade;

Is the hearty wish of,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

Richmond, Nov.

28, 1757.

The EDITOR.

THE Notes to the following Piece were from time to time wrote by the Editor, as the Sheets were printing off; and therefore should some Inaccuracies appear, he flatters himself the candid Reader will excuse them, especially if he finds in any of the Notes, Matters worthy of Observation; for true it is,

*Errors like Straws upon the Surface flow;
Those who seek for Pearls must dive below.*

If this should meet with a kind Reception, it will induce the Editor to add the like Notes to *Shakespeare's* other historical Plays, particularly those respecting the famous Wars between the two Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, to perform which he has collected (he hopes) the proper Materials.



Shortly will be Publish'd,

IN the same Size and Letter as this, (illustrated with several Copper-Plates) The HISTORY of the LIFE of King HENRY VIII. (By the Author of the History of the Life and Times of Cardinal *Wolsey*.) Interspersed with the Lives of several illustrious Personages, which may be bound up herewith.



Directions for placing the Copper-Plates.

Frontispiece, *Henry VIII.*

Fronting page 23, *Henry VIII.* leading *Anna Bulleyn.*

Facing p. 45, Cardinal *Wolsey.*

Opposite p. 53, Queen *Catherine.*

——— p. 72, *Cromwell.*

——— p. 108, Queen *Anna Bulleyn.*

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness sake, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends. Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

EPILOGUE



E P I L O G U E.

TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those we fear
We've frighted with out trumpets : so 'tis clear
They'll say it's naught. Others to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry that's witty ;
Which we have not done neither ; that I fear
All the expected good w'are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) if they smile
And say 'twill do, I know within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold when the ladies bid 'em clap.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolley, his first Minister and Favourite.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Cromwell, first Servant to Wolley, afterwards to the King.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

Queen Katharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorc'd.

Anne Bullen, belov'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed-chamber to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in LONDON.

THE
L I F E
O F
H E N R Y V I I I.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door: at the other the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done

Since last we saw y' in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace:

Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a pris'ner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:

I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld 'em when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compound one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner*.

* *Hollinshead*, the poet's chief historical guide, does not mention the duke's illness. — On the contrary it appears the duke was present at the interview, and afterwards attended the king when he paid a visit to the emperor *Charles V.* In fact, the poet has made the duke speak as above, to give the duke of *Norfolk* an opportunity to relate what passed at the interview.

B

Nor.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory : men might say
 'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
 To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, 'till the last
 Made former wonders, its. To-day the *French*,
 All clinquent, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the *English* ; and to-morrow they
 Made *Britain, India* : Every man that stood,
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt ; the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable ; and th' ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them ; him in eye,
 Still him in praise ; and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerners
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these funs,
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass, that old fabulous story
 (Being now seen possible enough) got credit ;
 That * *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far !

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour, honesty ; the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal ;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view. The office did
 Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

* The interview is here beautifully described ; and what makes
 this still more valuable, its TRUTH.

Nor.

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akes

Nor:



N. Parr Sculp

King HENRY VIII.

3

Nor. One sure, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him: no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth*.

Nor. Yet surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats down to th' crown; neither allay'd
To eminent assistants; but spider-like,
Out of his self-drawn web; this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King†.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that,
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself‡.

* The poet found the materials to form this speech, and that of Lord Abergavenny, in the writings of an infamous, fawning, sycophant, Italian libeller, Polydor Virgil. See history of Wolsey, vol. IV. p. 348.

† This speech makes out, in part, what Mr. Havard says of Shakespear:

“Thy mind, effulgent, shoots forth rays,
“Like the bright sun, ten thousand ways.”

‡ The church historian speaks thus of Wolsey—He was personable, learned, eloquent, affable, penetrating, industrious, generous, and had the interest of his country truly at heart.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o'th' King, t' appoint
Who should attend him? * he makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch in him he papers,

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this great vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the *French* and us, not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and not consulting, broke
Into a general prophesy; that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bordeaux*†,

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carry'd,

* A false assertion.

† The *French* not making the satisfaction demanded, occasioned
the war that afterwards ensued between *England* and *France*.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would affect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*]

Buck. "This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
"Have not the pow'r to muzzle him, therefore best
"Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
"Out-worths a noble's blood*."

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

* *Shakespeare* seems from this speech to infer, that he was the son of a butcher. In this he is greatly mistaken.—Though, by the way, the speech very ill becomes a great lord to utter.

Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires*.

Buck. "I read in's looks
"Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
"Me as his abject object: at this instant
"He bores me with some trick, he's gone to the king;
"I'll follow and out-stare him."

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. *Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him†.* Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
*Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,‡
In seeming to augment it, wastes it†.* Be
Advis'd, I say again, there is no English
Soul stronger to direct you than yourself,
*If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.*

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions; by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous§.

* Good advice. † Beautiful! ‡ A noble simile.

§ He was neither one nor the other.

King HENRY VIII.

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Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock — attend. *This holy fox,*
Or wolf, or both (for he is equally rav'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another*; yea, reciprocally,
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir — this cunning
Cardinal

The articles o'th' combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd
As he cry'd, let it be — to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well — for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France*, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well — for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,

* A very invidious turn — which was chiefly calculated to answer the design of the play, that of temporising, by raising a prejudice in the minds of the spectators against the character of *Wolsey*; — but consider, it was wrote in Queen *Elizabeth's* time.

Nor.

And

King HENRY VIII.

And pav'd with gold *; the Emp'ror thus desir'd
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage†.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Brandon, a serjeant at arms before him, and
two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall per
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
You shall to th' *Tower*.

* This speech is formed from some of our old chronicles, most of whom were very intent in abusing the memory of *Wolsey*; which they collected from hearsay stories, having generally no other foundation than calumny and reproach.

† The poet, as well as the authors from whom he has gleaned the reflections in the above long speech, would have found it very difficult, had they been put to it, to make out any part of what is there asserted.—In fact, *Wolsey* was remarkably glorious in this particular; he neither bought another's faith, nor sold his own.

Buck.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which mak'ft my whit'ft part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things : I obey.
O my lord *Aberganny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to the *Tower*, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd*.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach lord *Montague* †, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*,
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor.,

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs o'th' plot : no more, I hope !

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins* ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning the clear sun ‡. My lord, farewell. [*Exe.*

S C E N E IV.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder ; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel ; the
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his
right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i'th' level

* This Lord's charge was — concealing what the Duke had confessed to him. — His lordship pleaded guilty, and was afterwards pardoned.

† I know not who the poet means by Lord *Montague* — Both the confessor and chancellor were in custody before the Duke was arrested.

‡ *Shakespeare* here makes the blustering duke like some of the days in *April*.

Of a full charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
 To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
 That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person ;
 I'll hear him his confessions justify,
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate*.

*A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen. Usber'd by
 the Duke of Norfolk, enter the Queen, Norfolk and
 Suffolk ; she kneels. The King riseth from his state,
 takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us ; half your suit
 Never name to us ; you have half our power :
 The other moiety ere you ask is given ;
 Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.

*That you would love yourself, and in that love
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
 The dignity of your office, is the point
 Of my petition†.*

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicitated, not by a few,
 And those of true condition, that your subjects
 Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
 Sent down amongst 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
 Of all their loyalties ; wherein although [*To Wolsey.*
 (My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you as putter on

* It does not appear in history that the king ever saw the surveyor.—Its easy to guess at the design of the first part of this scene.

† The introducing the queen, and the fine speech formed for her in this scene, is no doubt calculated to carry on the design before hinted at. Its well known the queen early took a prejudice against *Wolsey*, because he would not suffer his Royal Master to be the dupe of her father, king *Ferdinand* of *Spain*. And what is still more remarkable, the queen did not once intermeddle in the proceedings against the duke of *Buckingham*, nor was she at any of the meetings when the duke's cause was canvassed.

Of these exactions, yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves amongst them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single Part in ought
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov'raign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
In this exaction*?

* *Shakespeare* makes the King a stranger to the loan so much complained of, and throws all the blame on *Wolfey*, which is a very unfair representation.—In fact, its very odd the poet should here lugg in this matter, so contrary to what seems to be the King's intention of appearing at this time, that was, to hear the charge against the duke of *Buckingham*.

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
 In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief
 Comes through commissions, which compel from each
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
 Without delay; and the pretence for this
 Is nam'd your wars in *France*. This makes bold
 mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
 Allegiance in them; all their curses now
 Live where their pray'rs did; and its come to pass,
 That tractable obedience is a slave
 To each incensed will. I would your Highness
 Would give it quick consideration, for
 There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
 This is against our pleasure.

Wol. "And for me,
 " I have no further gone in this, than by
 " A single voice, and that not past me but
 " By learned approbation of the judges.
 " If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
 " My faculties nor person, yet will be
 " The chroniclers of my doing; let me say,
 " 'Tis but the fate of place; and the rough brake
 " That virtue must go through: we must not stint
 " Our necessary actions, in the fear
 " To cope malicious censures; which ever,
 " As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
 " That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 " Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 " By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
 " Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
 " Hitting a grosser quality is cried up
 " For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
 " Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
 " We should take root here where we sit:
 " Or sit state-statues only *.

* A noble speech indeed, and worthy of a great man, and what
 is still better its truth;—but it is to be observed this can by no means
 wipe

King. *Things done well
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !
A trembling contribution !—why we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber :
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission ; pray look to't,
I put it to your care.*

*Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire
Of the King's grace and pardon : The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding *. [Exit Secretary.*

SCENE V.

Enter Surveyor.

*Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.*

*King. It grieves many ;
The gentleman is learned, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound, his training such,*

*wipe off the prejudice that had been before artfully raised in the
minds of the spectators against his character.*

*This further shews the view of the poet,—that was, to make his
play suit the times he wrote it in.*

** The poet by a particular turn in this speech, would have his
audience at last believe, that Wolsey used craft and artifice, in order
to remove the reflections relating to the loan from himself ; which
was no part of Wolsey's real character, nor had the poet any good
authority for what he has made Wolsey say in this speech.*

That

That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.
 Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 To-fore-recited practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you
 Most like a careful subject have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
 It would effect his speech, that if the King
 Should without issue die, he'd carry't so
 To make the scepter his. These very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord *Aberganny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
 His dangerous conception in this point,
 Not friended by his wish to your high person,
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
 How grounded he his title to the crown
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
 By a vain prophecy of *Nicolas Hopkins*.

King.

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Who (after under the commission's seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter) with demure confidence
Thus pausingly ensu'd; neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To gain the love o'th' commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England*——†

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your noble soul; I say take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the devil's illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous

† Hitherto the poet has in this scene given us a beautiful and faithful relation of the Surveyor's evidence against the Duke; after he had before made the King in a set speech relate his past and their present opinion of this unhappy nobleman.

For

For him to ruminate on this, until
 It forg'd him some design, (which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do) he answer'd, Tush,
 It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's head
Should have gone off.*

King. Ha! what, so rank? ah ha ——
 There's mischief in this man; can'st thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
 After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
 About Sir *William Blomer*——

King. I remember.
 Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
 The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
 As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
 The part my father meant to act upon
 Th' usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
 Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,
 (As he made semblance of his duty) would
 Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
 And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all.

King. There's something more would out of thee;
 what say'st?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,
 He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
 Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
 His father, by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

* Nothing of this appears where the account of this transaction
 is fairly related—so that it may very properly be charged to the
 score of invention only.

King.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Chamb. Is't possible the spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so*.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-halt reigned among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they've worn out Christendom: how now?
What news Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for.

* A very pretty memento for these times—*Wolsey* had so much
the honour of his own country at heart, that he would not suffer his
attendants to speak *French* when he was ambassador in *France*; but
ordered his servants to reply in *English* to the *French*, when they
spoke to them in their language.—In short, he valued that enter-
prizing nation no farther, than what he thought was for the in-
terest of his royal master, and the good of his fellow-subjects: being
above entertaining *French* valets, &c. in his service, out of character.

D

Lov.

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and taylors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monseurs

To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign wisdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men—
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at*.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov. Ay marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:
A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em; I'm glad they're going.
For sure there's no converting 'em: now Sirs,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r lady
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord *Sands*,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not while I have a stump.

* *Shakespeare*, by this and what follows, shews that he considered the *French* in the same light as the sensible part of the *British* nation do at this Day. But shall we say for certain C——rs, and certain th——l, &c.?

Cham. Sir Thomas.

Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you

Lov. *The churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls ev'ry where*.*

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, h'as wherewithal in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine,
Men of his way would be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one
door; at another door enter Sir Henry Guildford.*

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
*Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here he hopes,
In all this noble levy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.*

* Here's a strong and a fine compliment to him,——those who
know his real history are best judges whether its truth or not.

D 2

Enter

Cham.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Loyell.

O my lord, y'are tardy ;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But helpe my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested ;
I think would better please 'em : by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones *.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were :
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is ent'ring ; nay, you must not freeze :
Two women plac'd together make cold weather :
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies ;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me :
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir ?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad in love too ;
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord :
So now y'are fairly seated : gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cue,
Let me alone.

* Charming!y described !

Hautboys.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his seat.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. May lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play,
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam:
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French*
tongue,
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it,
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I show'r a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as maskers, habited
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute
him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they
pray'd

To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay
'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures,
[*Chuses ladies, King and Anne Bullen.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee*. [Musick. Dance.

Wol.

* *Shakespear* makes the King first see *Anne Bullen* at this banquet,
which seems to be absurd, seeing she was a young lady, that was
one of the Queen's attendants, and often at court before.

True it is she was, after the King took a liking to her, introduced
to court in a very pompous manner; of which a fine representation
has been given us in a print, by the ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*, where-
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KING HENRY the VIII.th
introducing the Lady Anna Bulleyn to Court.

Wol. My lord.

Chamb. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [Whisper.]

Cham. I will, my lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I am glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord Chamberlain,

Pry'thee come hither, what fair lady's that?

in Henry appears leading *Anna Bulleyn* by the hand; *Queen Catherine*, sitting in a mournful posture; *Lord Piercy*, *Mrs. Anna's* first lover, standing by the *Queen's* chair; and *Wolsey*, leaning on his throne of state, in a thoughtful mood; under which are the following lines,

“ Here struts old *pious Harry*, once the great
“ Reformer of the *English* church and state:
“ 'Twas thus he stood, when *Anna Bulleyn's* charms
“ Allur'd th' amorous monarch to her arms:
“ With his right hand he leads her as his own,
“ To place this matchless beauty on his throne:
“ While *Kate* and *Piercy* mourn their wretched Fate,
“ And view the royal pair with equal hate;
“ Reflecting on the pomp of glittering crowns,
“ And arbitrary power that knows no bounds;
“ Whilst *Wolsey*, leaning on his throne of state,
“ Through this unhappy change foresees his fate;
“ Contemplates wisely on worldly things,
“ The cheat of grandeur, and the faith of kings.”

Cham.

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's* daughter,

(*The Viscount Rochford*) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiss you. And health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my lord Cardinal: I have a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1st GENTLEMAN.

WHITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye;
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what will become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes indeed was I.

2 Gen. Pray speak what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But pray how past it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his face;
At which appear'd against him his surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his chancellor, and *John Car*
Confessor to him, with that devil monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief,

2 Gen. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.
All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain

E

Would

Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not :
 And so his peers upon this evidence
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly for life ; but all
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar, to
 hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
 And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty ;
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience *.

* *Shakespeare*, in further prosecution of what he has laid down in the first act, makes one of his characters charge *Wolsey* as sole contriver of the Duke's destruction. He was furnished with materials for this charge from *Hollingshed* ; which I doubt not but to make appear were very bad, if not rotten ones, by three instances.

1st, There is now in the record office an original letter from the Duke of *Buckingham* to Cardinal *Wolsey*, wrote just before the grand interview mentioned in the first act, wherein the Duke thanks the Cardinal for the many services he (*Wolsey*) had before rendered him ; and in the letter begs of *Wolsey* to interpose with the King touching some matters that were thereafter to be performed at the jousts and tournaments to be exhibited in his Majesty's presence, (which were the favourite diversions in those days) and concluded his letter in the most affectionate terms that one friend could possibly write to another, and is dated from the Duke's seat at *Thornberry*, in *Gloucestershire*. Now would any one believe that if they were at such enmity as *Shakespeare* has related, from what he found in *Hollingshed's* history, the Duke would have wrote such a letter as is now to be seen, under his own hand, in that office ?

2d, As to the reflection that he contrived to get the Earl of *Surrey*, the Duke's son-in-law, out of the way upon the occasion, — Pray observe, where was he sent ? Why, the Earl was made Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and the nature of his high office required his presence there. This post he himself solicited for ; a post both honourable and profitable, as it is at this day. Pray, who tried the Duke of *Buckingham* ? — His peers — and the Duke of *Norfolk*, the Earl of *Surrey's* own father, sat as Lord High Steward ; (a nobleman that the poet has made extremely fond of *Buckingham* in the first act.) His Grace, with the Duke of *Suffolk*, the Marquis of *Dorset*, and others of the prime nobility, unanimously found *Buckingham* guilty ; and most of these noblemen, as appeared afterwards, were the Cardinal's enemies : And it also appears, that the

Duke

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,

Duke was found guilty upon the clearest evidence that ever was given against a man, and which, in the general, the Duke did not even at the last deny, as will presently be seen. And I defy any one to shew, from any authentick testimony, that the Duke any where charges *Wolsey* with being the author of his death. In short, I have with great diligence searched to see whether there is any real record to support what has been generally spread abroad touching the enmity and hatred that has been said by *Hollingshed* to have subsisted for a long time between the Duke and the Cardinal, but find none; save that all the reflections which has been cast on *Wolsey* in that respect, terminates in what our old chronicle writers have picked out of that infamous libeller, *Polydor Virgil*; who has no other proof to support what he has asserted, save his *ipse dixit*. — The tattling French author, *Rapin*, besides others, have danced after the same deceitful piper; and the reason this *Polydor* was so inveterate an enemy against him was, because *Wolsey* would pay no regard to what he said, after he found he had deceived him in a very base manner*.

3dly, I do not find, upon the strictest examination, that the Cardinal acted at all out of character in this affair; nor do I find, from any real proof, that the Duke ever charged the Cardinal with having done him any ill offices to the King before the trial.

* See *Life of Wolsey*, vol. IV. p. 348, and an original letter under *Polydor's* hand to Cardinal *Wolsey*, in the record office at Westminster, near the Abbey; where there are a great number of letters which evidently shew, in many instances, the partiality and injustice some historians have treated the memory of Cardinal *Wolsey* with, particularly by *Rapin*. — It is highly to the honour of government to take care that those strong evidences of truth are preserved; for by that means many reflections that have, in gross, been thrown out and propagated by the enemies of *Wolsey*, have been already, and will be hereafter detected and exposed. — Now I am speaking of these matters, I should think myself guilty of an omission, if I did not publicly acknowledge the great care taken by the record-keeper, to preserve these and other papers that concern the state; and at the same time it must be also acknowledged that there are lately erected proper and spacious offices for that purpose. But I think, with submission, after the publick, as well as several private gentlemen, lovers of their country, have been at very great expences in those respects, it is a pity some of the letters are not published by authority, seeing many of them are well digested, and placed in order of time. If this was done the whole world would have a better opportunity of judging as to the partiality or impartiality of those historians, whether English or Foreigners, who have assumed the liberty of treating of the actions of some of our kings and their ministers of state.

He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,

The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,

*By all conjectures : first Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.*

2 Gen. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,

*No doubt he will requite it ; this is noted,
And gen'rally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.*

2 Gen. All the commons

*Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience
Wish him ten fathom deep : this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy*.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each side, accompanied by Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,

And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. " All good people,

" You that thus far have come to pity me,

" Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me ;

" I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,

" And by that name must die ; yet heav'n bear witness,

* These little speeches are temporising with a witness.

" And

" And if I have a conscience let it sink me
 " Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 " To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
 " 'T has done, upon the premisses, but Justice:
 " But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians;
 " Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
 " Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 " Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 " For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em,
 " For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 " Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
 " More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd
 me,

" And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 " His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 " Is only bitter to him, only dying;
 " *Go with me like good angels to my end,*
 " *And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,*
 " *Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,*
 " *And lift my soul to heav'n**. Lead on a God's name."

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. " Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you

" As I would be forgiv'n: I forgive all.
 " There cannot be those numberless offences
 " 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
 " Shall make my grave—Commend me to his Grace,
 " And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
 " You met him half in heav'n: *my vows and pray'rs*
 " *Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,*
 " *Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live*
 " *Longer than I have time to tell his years;*
 " *Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be;*
 " *And when old time shall lead him to his end,*
 " *Goodness and he fill up one monument*†."

Lov. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,

* Beautifully expressed!

† These lines were calculated to please Queen *Elizabeth*.

Then

And

Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming : see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. " Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
" Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
" When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
" And Duke of *Buckingham* ; now, poor *Edward Bobun*.
" Yet I am richer than my base accusers*.

* 1521. Hall gives us a particular relation of this affair to the following effect: The Duke of *Buckingham* was accused of high treason, and being at his seat, *Thornberry*, he was by the King's letter sent for to court: Sir *William Compton*, Sir *Richard Weston*, and Sir *William Kingston*, three of the gentlemen of the King's bedchamber, were sent down, with a Serjeant at Arms, to see the Duke obeyed the King's command.

The Duke, upon receiving the letter, set out and came to *Windsor* that night, where he lay ; and being suspicious that matters were not right, asked *Thomas Ward*, one of the King's harbingers, what he did there ; who answered, *That there lay his office*. Upon this, says *Hall*, the Duke perceiving he could not escape, *was so much cast down at breakfast, that he could not eat ; yet put on a seeming chearful countenance*. From *Windsor* he rode to *Tothill-fields*, and at the *Horse-Ferry* entered his barge. In the mean time the Duke's chancellor was taken up, unknown to him, who had, as *Hall* affirms, confessed matters of treason against his master.

When the Duke was in his barge, he desired to be landed at *York Place*, which was done accordingly ; and he went, attended by four or five servants, to the Cardinal's House, where asking for him, was answered he was very ill.—Well, said the Duke in reply, *I will drink of the Cardinal's wine ; which was instantly brought to him by one of Wolsey's gentlemen, who delivered it to the Duke with great reverence and respect*. Its extremely probable that when the Duke waited on the Cardinal, he had been before informed of what the Duke was accused of ; and therefore it would have been out of character, considering the high station *Wolsey* was in, to have seen him in his then condition.

Hall, who was living at this time, relates this transaction of his own knowledge. Would any one believe that if there had been such an enmity and malice between the Duke and the Cardinal as has been reported, that he would either have called at his house, or made himself so free as to drink there ; but when the Duke, says *Hall*, found no cheer to him, as he terms it, he changed colour and departed to his barge, and by the way asked for his chancellor, for at that time his Grace did not know he was in prison.

After

“ That never knew what truth meant ; I now seal it,
 “ And with that blood will make ’em one day groan
 for’t.

After this he passed towards London, and was in his passage arrested of high treason by Sir Henry Marney, attended by several Yeomen of the guards, who, after landing him at Hay Wharfe, conducted him through Thames-Street to the Tower, on the 16th of April. Hall further relates, that the people much mused at what had happened, but he does not lay the least blame, or shew that any reflections were thrown out by the populace against *Wolsey* on that account.—He sums it up in these words, *Alas, that ever ambition should be the loss of so noble a man, and so much in the King’s favour: By him all Lords and others may beware how they give credence to false prophecies or false hyppocrites, for a monk at the Charter-House sheweth the Duke that he should be King of England, which, to the King’s person, could be no higher treason. Alas! that he ever gave credence to such a false traitor.* Next Hall speaks as to the Duke’s trial, and says—He was tried upon an indictment, and found guilty by his Peers; those were two Dukes, a Marquis, seven Earls, and twelve Barons. On the 17th of May, about twelve of the clock, he was beheaded on Tower-Hill. At his death he said—*He had offended the King’s Grace through negligence and lack of grace, and desired all noblemen to beware by him, and all men to pray for him.* Hall reflects on the fate of this unhappy nobleman thus—*Such is the end of ambition, the end of false prophecies, and the end of evil life and evil counsel.*—If the Duke had conceived that *Wolsey* had been the means of his death, there is not the least doubt but he would have taken notice of such a material matter upon the scaffold; which, as he did not do, and that for a very good reason, because he well knew there was no foundation for such a reflection, posterity, surely, one would think, ought to acquit him of the invidious reflections cast on him on that account.

The Peers present at the Duke’s trial, were the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, the Marquis of *Dorset*, the Earls of *Worcester*, *Devonshire*, *Essex*, *Shrewsbury*, *Kent*, *Oxford* and *Derby*; the Lords *St. John*, *Delaware*, *Willoughby*, *Brooke*, *Cobham*, *Herbert* and *Morley*.

He was buried in the church of the *Augustines*, in *Broad-street*.

I shall quote the words of a late author: “ As the punishment of
 “ this Nobleman is one of the most popular charges against *Wolsey*,
 “ common justice will not suffer us to forget, that the Duke, even
 “ in his latest hours, does not seem to have denied the most material
 “ part of his indictment, that the practices proved on him were
 “ certainly of a dangerous and treasonable nature; and it appears,
 “ both from the tenor of his conduct, and the testimony of all
 “ historians, that he was a man of ungovernable passions, and had
 “ given his enemies, by his imprudence, many handles to ruin
 “ him.” [*Guthrie*, vol. II. p. 925.]

Edward

" My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
 " Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
 " Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
 " Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 " And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
 " *Henry* the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 " My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
 " Restor'd to me my honours ; and from ruins
 " Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 " *Henry* the Eighth, name, honour, life, and all
 " That make me happy, at one stroke has taken
 " For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 " And must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 " A little happier than my wretched father :
 " Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 " Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
 " A most unnatural and faithless service !
 " Heav'n has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
 " *This from a dying man receive as certain ;*
 " *Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,*
 " *Be sure you be not loose ; those you make friends,*
 " *And give your hearts to, when they once perceive*
 " *The least rub in their fortunes, fall away*
 " *Like water from ye, never found again,*
 " *But where they mean to sink ye**. All good people
 " Pray for me ! I must leave ye ; the last hour
 " Of my long weary life is come upon me :
 " Farewel ; and when you would say something sad,
 " Speak how I fell — I've done ; and God forgive me."

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity ; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors,

Edward Stafford, the second duke of *Buckingham*, (and 3d earl of *Stafford*) was the son of *Henry Stafford*, duke of *Buckingham*, and constable of *England*, in the reign of *Richard III.* by whom he was beheaded at *Salisbury* in 1484. His mother was *Katharine*, daughter to *Richard Woodville*, first earl of *Rivers*, father to *Elizabeth*, wife to *Edward IV.* As he left no issue, the title became extinct.

* A very true and most beautiful memento.

2 Gen.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us :
What may it be ; you do not doubt my faith, Sir ?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident ;
You shall, Sir ; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Kath'rine ?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not ;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord-Mayor strait
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. *Either the Cardinal,*
Or some about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campejus* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal* ;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think you have hit the mark ; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

* The poet has made this character declare, that the Cardinal was the person that put the king upon the divorce.—This he picked up from *Hollingshed*, and the other had it from *Polydor Virgil*, which is absolutely false ; and as the reader proceeds, he will find that the king clears *Wolsey* of this charge in open court.—That speech the poet formed from truth, and not invention.

I Gen. 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this:

Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt,

S C E N E III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

"My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir."*

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk†.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do; he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,

* A most invidious reflection, and which the poet had no authority to support it.

† The poet here introduces the above noblemen, beginning to plot means to supplant, or rather destroy the Cardinal.

And

And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
 'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
 He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
 Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
 Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
 And out of all these to restore the king,
 He counsels a divorce, a loss of her
 That like a jewel has hung twenty years
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
 Of her that loves him with that excellence,
 That angels love good men with; even of her,
 That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
 Will bless the King; and is not this course pious*?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most
 true,

These news are every where, ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
 And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All that dare
 Look into these affairs, see his main end,
 The *French* King's sister. Heaven will one day open
 The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
 This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance,
 Or this imperious man will work us all
 From princes into pages; all mens honours
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
 Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
 I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
 As I am *made without him*†, so I'll stand,
 If the King please: his curses and his blessings
 Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
 To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
 And with some other business, put the King

* Here the poet has shown his masterly art, in lamenting what
 was afterwards the fate of *Catharine*, and at the same time leaving
 an opening, so as in part to excuse *Anne Bulleyn*, in compliment
 to *Queen Elizabeth*.

† The duke's letters under his own hand in the record office, says
 the contrary.

From these sad thoughts that work too much upon
him ;

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me,

The King hath sent me other-where : besides

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :

Health to your Lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively*.*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure he is much afflicted,

King. Who's there ? ha ?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there ? I say ? how dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant, our breach of duty this way,
Is business of estate ; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold :

Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campejus the Pope's Legate, with
a Commission.*

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
Thou art a cure fit for the King. You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom,
Use us, and it ; my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot :

* The poet here artfully introduces the King sitting in a pensive
posture, seeming as if he was contemplating the affair of the
divorce.

I would

I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.

King. We are busy ; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him ?

Suf. Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick though, for his place :
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him,

Suff. I another.*

Exeunt Norf. and Suf.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campejus*,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him wel-
come,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers
loves,

You are so noble : to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

* Here the poet dismisses the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*, with the Earl of *Surrey*, and leaves the King and the two Legates consulting means how to execute their commission. By what he has made *Wolsey* afterwards say in commendation of the King, one would think his intention was to show his strict observance and respect to his Majesty.

King.

King. Two equal men : the Queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her*.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have : and my favour

To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow,

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour
to you :

You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me †.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and Whispers.*]

Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of yourself, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ? of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him !

That's christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,

* This is speaking truth indeed !

† The poet here introduces the famous *Stephen Gardiner*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*, into the King's service, who was grateful to his patron (*Wolsey*) even, in his adversity, to the last.

If

If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons*.

* The poet makes *Campejus* enquire after Dr. *Pace*, with a view to throw out something in prejudice of *Wolsey*, which he has likewise taken from *Hollingshed*, who picked up his account from *Polydor Virgil* ; but as this gentleman made a great figure in the world, it induces me here to give some account of him, and to answer what is here objected against *Wolsey*.

Richard Pace was, by Dr. *Thomas Langton*, Bishop of *Winchester*, trained up at school, with others, at his Lordship's charge, who, perceiving him to profit in musick more than could be expected for his years, often expressed to his attendants, that since he so easily became master of that science, his genius might extend to greater attainments. Some time afterwards he sent him to *Padua*, in *Italy*, which was then the most flourishing University in the world, to improve in literature, and was by him allowed a yearly pension. There he commenced in several degrees, and was much advanced in his study by the famous and learned Bishop of *Tunstal* and *William Latimer*, whom he called his preceptors.

After his return into *England*, he studied in *Queen's college, Oxon*, of which his patron, *Thomas Langton*, was Provost, and soon after was received into the service of Dr. *Christopher Baynbridge*, who succeeded his said patron in that provostship ; from whence he proceeded with him to *Rome*, after *Baynbridge* was made Archbishop of *York* ; and, upon his master's death, he returning into *England*, the King took him into his service, where his parts being soon discovered, and his accomplishments made known, his Majesty in a short time made him secretary of state, and reposed great confidence in him. He was early recommended by *Erasmus* for his learning, who, among other encomiums on him, says, ' He was *Utriusq; Literatura Callentissimi* ;' exceedingly well versed in divine and human literature. Whilst he was abroad, in the year 1514, he was admitted Prebendary of *Bugthorp*, in the church of *York*, in the room of our *Wolsey* (his now patron) ; and on the 20th of *May*, the same year, he was made Archdeacon of *Dorset*, upon the resignation of Dr. *Robert Langton*, some time of *Queen's College, Oxford*. This gentleman discharged the great trusts reposed in him, in the several ambassies he was employed in, with great honour.

In 1519, he became Dean of *St. Paul's cathedral in London*, on the death of Dr. *John Colet*, and about that time Dean of *Exeter* : But whether he was ever Dean of *Salisbury* does not appear from the registers of that church ; though lord *Herbert* says, in the life and reign of *Henry the VIIIth*, ' That in the year 1526, *Peter Vannes*, Archdeacon of *Worcester*, was made Co-adjutor to *Richard Pace*, Dean of *Salisbury*, upon the account of his unhappy condition.'

After

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen

[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryars* :
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolsey* see it furnish'd. O my lord,

After *Pace* was made Prebendary of *Coombe* and *Harnham*, in the Church of *Sarum*, he proved serviceable to the university of *Oxford*, the members whereof would have had him adorned in their *Lyceum* with a degree, but certain customs relating thereto, and which could not easily be dispensed with, hindered it.

His general character handed to us is, that he was a worthy man, endowed with many excellent qualities and gifts of nature; courteous and pleasant; was highly in the King's favour, and readily heard in matter of weight; was esteemed by all the learned and eloquent, and very expert in foreign languages. So great a master was he of the *Italian* tongue, that he seemed not inferior to the famous *Peter Vannes*, the King's secretary, nor any of the most learned among the *Venetians*: So that his fame for literature and great abilities spread itself thro' all the courts of *Europe*. Cardinal *Wolsey*, *Lynacre*, *Grocyn*, Sir *Thomas More*, and others, were his great favourites in *England*; and *Erasmus* wrote more epistles to him than to any other gentleman.

Dr. *Fiddes* says, ' The Cardinal had no sooner heard of the calamity that had attended *Pace*, who was then the King's minister at *Venice*, but he wrote in very strong terms to the *Doge* of that republic in favour of him; and that, when *Wolsey* received an answer, *Pace* was honourably conducted home, where he partly recovered his senses, and ended his days in his own country.'

And in support of Dr. *Fiddes*'s relation, which must invalidate *Fox*'s, there are at this time, in the *Exchequer* record-office, letters from *Venice* to the Cardinal, relating to *Pace*'s unhappy condition, wrote in such strong terms, and so much in his favour, that it is evident *Pace* was highly in the Cardinal's esteem; and there is not the least instance to be found, that can be relied on, why he should do him any ill office: and, if we reflect on the great trust that *Wolsey* always reposed in *Pace*, from the first beginning of his knowledge of him, it seems inconsistent to think, that he would do him any prejudice, for whom he had, upon many occasions, expressed so much regard; and more especially, as there is no proof of his having neglected the true interest of his country, or that he had in any manner betrayed the confidence *Wolsey* had, in several important affairs, placed in him.

Would

Would it not grieve an able man to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? *but conscience, conscience* * —
 O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Anna Bulleyn, and an old lady.

Anne. Not for that neither——here's the pang that
pinches.

His Highness liv'd so long with her, that she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still grown in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave, a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire. After this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster †.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
 She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
 Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
 As foul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah poor lady,
 She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her; verily
 I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,

* Merry enough!

† This speech is merely the poet's invention, and only calculated to raise a belief in the spectators, that the affair of the divorce was carried on against her mind, the contrary whereof is notoriously known. In fact, *Shakespeare*, thro' the whole scene, has neglected historical truth, purely to suit the time he wrote it in, and in particular to pay a compliment to his sovereign Queen *Elizabeth*.

G

Than

Than to be perk'd up in a glift'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow *.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth——

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a
Queen!

Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutches? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; pluck off a
little:

I would not be a young count in your way
For more than blushing comes too: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little *England*
You'll venture and emballing; I myself
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

* Happy had it been for *Anna Bullen*, had she pursued what the poet has here made her say.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, ladies ; what wer't worth to
know

The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women : there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen:

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly bles-
sings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues ; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds *.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all, is nothing : for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities ; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. ' Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.——I've perus'd her well,
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [Aside.
That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem

* Out of the revenue of the Bishoprick of Durham.

*To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you*.*

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why, this it is : fee, fee,
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Com pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds : And you, oh fate !
(A very fresh fish here ; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no :
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt* ; have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of *Pembroke* !
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect !
No other obligation ? By my life
That promises more thousands : honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a Dutches. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence ; pray do not deliyer
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ? ——— [Exeunt.

* These speeches of the Lord Chamberlain's is formed also by the poet from meer invention, and calculated to answer the above purpose ; but as to the merry speeches that he furnished for the old lady, they are, no doubt, designed to divert the audience before the matter of the divorce is brought upon the carpet.

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Nathl Parr Sculp

SCENE VI.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two scribes in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side of the court in manner of a consistory: below them, the scribes. The lords sit next the bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th'authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Cryer. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
Come into the court.

Cryer. Katherine Queen of England.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes cross the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks;*]

“ Sir,

“ Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
 “ And to bestow your pity on me ; for
 “ I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 “ Born out of your dominions ; having here
 “ No judge indiff’rent, and no more assurance
 “ Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
 “ In what have I offended you ? what cause
 “ Hath my behaviour giv’n to your displeasure,
 “ That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 “ And take your good grace from me ? Heaven wit-
 ness,
 “ I’ve been to you a true and humble wife,
 “ At all times to your will conformable :
 “ Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 “ Yea, subject to your count’nance ; glad or sorry,
 “ As I saw it inclin’d : when was the hour
 “ I ever contradicted your desire ?
 “ Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends
 “ Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 “ He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
 “ That had to him deriv’d your anger, did I
 “ Continue in my liking ? nay, give notice
 “ He was from thence discharg’d ? Sir, call to mind,
 “ That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 “ Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 “ With many children by you. If in the course
 “ And process of the time you can report,
 “ And prove it too, against mine honour ought,
 “ My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
 “ Against your sacred person ; in God’s name
 “ Turn me away ; and let the foul’st contempt
 “ Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 “ To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
 “ The King your father was reputed for
 “ A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
 “ And unmatched wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
 “ My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon’d one
 “ The wisest Prince that there had reign’d, by many
 “ A year before. It is not to be question’d,
 “ That they had gather’d a wise council to them

“ Of

“ Of ev’ry realm, that did debate this business,
 “ Who deem’d our marriage lawful. Wherefore
 humbly,
 “ Sir, I beseech you, spare me, ’till I may
 “ Be by my friends in *Spain* advis’d; whose counsel
 “ I will implore. If not, i’th’name of God
 “ Your pleasure be fulfill’d.

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice) these rev’rend fathers, men
 Of singular integrity and learning:
 Yea, the elect o’ th’ land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It therefore shall be bootless
 That no longer you defer the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, Madam,
 Is’t fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produc’d and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir,
 I am about to weep; but thinking that
 We are a Queen, or long have dreamt so, certain
 The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
 I’ll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc’d by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my judge. For it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
 Which God’s dew quench! Therefore I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my very soul
 Refuse you for my judge, whom yet once more
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

Wol. I do profess
 You speak not like yourself, who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consist'ry of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
 The King is present; if't be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And say no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord, I am
 A simple woman, much too weak t' oppose
 Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and pride.
 You have by fortune and his Highness' favours
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual. That again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the
court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your
way.

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience——pray pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her attendants.*]

S C E N E VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate,
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. Sh's noble born
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself tow'rds me.

Wol. " Most gracious Sir,
" In humblest manner I require your highness
" That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
" Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
" There must I be unloos'd *, although not there
" At once, and fully satisfy'd) if I
" Did broach this business to your highness, or
" Laid any scruple in your way, which might
" Induce you to the question on't; or ever
" Have to you, but with thanks to God for such

* Well express'd, considering the occasion.

" A royal lady, spake one the least word,
 " That might be prejudice of her present state,
 " Or touch of her good person?
 King. " My lord Cardinal,
 " I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 " I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
 " That you have many enemies, that know not
 " Why they are so, but like the village curs,
 " Bark when their fellows do*. By some of these
 " The queen is put in anger; y're excus'd:
 " But will you be more justify'd? you ever
 " Have with'd the sleeping of this business, never
 " Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
 " The passages made tow'rds it: on my honour
 " I speak, my good lord Cardinal, to this point;
 " And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
 " I will be bold with time and your attention:
 " Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give
 " heed to't.
 " My conscience first receiv'd a tenderneſs,
 " Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 " By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador,
 " Who had been hither sent on the debating
 " A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
 " Our daughter *Mary*: I' th' progress of this business,
 " Ere a determinate resolution, he
 " (I mean the bishop) did require a respite,
 " Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,
 " Whether our daughter were legitimate;
 " Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
 " Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 " The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 " Yea with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 " The region of my breast, which forc'd such way
 " That many maz'd considerations did throng
 " And prest it with this caution. First methought
 " I stood not in the smile of heaven, which had
 " Commanded Nature, that my lady's womb
 " (If it conceiv'd a male Child by me) should
 " Do no more offices of life to't, than

* A fine simile!

" The

" The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue,
 " Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 " This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 " This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 " (Well worthy the best heir o' th' world) should not
 " Be glad in one by me. Then follows, that
 " I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 " By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
 " Many a groaning throe : thus hulling in
 " The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 " Towards this remedy, whereon we are
 " Now present here together : that's to say,
 " I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
 " I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 " By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 " And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
 " With you my lord of *Lincoln* ; you remember
 " How under my oppression I did reel,
 " When I first mov'd you."

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you've satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread ; that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt :
And did intreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you
My lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this present summons unsolicited.
I left no rev'rend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on ;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledg'd reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,

" A royal lady, spake one the least word,
 " That might be prejudice of her present state,
 " Or touch of her good person?
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 " Or died where they were made, or shortly after
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 " Many a groaning throe : thus hulling in
 " The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 " Towards this remedy, whereon we are
 " Now present here together : that's to say,
 " I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
 " I then did feel full sick, and yet not well)
 " By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 " And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
 " With you my lord of *Lincoln* ; you remember
 " How under my oppression I did reel,
 " When I first mov'd you."

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How far you've satisfy'd me.

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And did intreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.

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To make this present summons unsolicited.
I left no rev'rend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on ;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledg'd reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,

(*Katherine* our Queen) before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd i' th' world.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court to further day ;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs.

King. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee return ; and with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along *. Break up the court :
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

* As to *Wolſey*, it appears very full in hiſtory — that after the cauſe of the divorce was removed to *Rome*, no conſideration whatever could prevail upon him to do any thing farther in that affair ; and though he ſuffered the higheſt indignity, owing to his not temporizing, yet ſuch was his inflexible reſolution, ſeeing he was a Cardinal of the *Romiſh* church, and acted under her authority, and was well ſatisfied, from after-experience, that if he did not comply with the King's demands, it would prove his deſtruction, which the ſequel ſhewed, that he perſiſted in his reſuſal to the laſt, although he complied with the king's other deſires in reſpect to giving up to him his eſtates and effects.

End of the SECOND ACT.

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QUEEN CATHARINE

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with
troubles:
Sing and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G.

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever rose as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or bearing die*.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their business

With me a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

* *Shakespeare* here makes the Queen very uneasy, and to sooth her anxiety, introduces the above song.

I do

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em:
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima.—

Queen. Good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my first coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in English; here are some will thank you
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English*.

Wol. " Noble lady,

" I'm sorry my integrity should breed
" (And service to his Majesty and you)

* Most of the Queen's speeches here are formed from the poet's invention, so as the better to enable the character to throw out several reflections that he had prepared for it against *Wolsey*.

" So

" So deep fuspicion, where all faith was meant.
 " We come not by the way of accusation,
 " To taint that honour every good tongue bleffes ;
 " Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
 " You have too much, good lady ; but to know
 " How you ftand minded in the weighty difference
 " Between the King and you ? And to deliver,
 " Like free and honeft men, our juft opinions
 " And comforts to your caufe." *

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he ftill bore your Grace,
 Forgetting like a good man your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)
 Offers, as I do, in a fign of peace
 His fervice and his counfel. † —

Queen. To betray me.

* This Speech is worthy of a great Man ; and what is ftill better, the Truth of it will fully appear in the Sequel.

† *Laurence Campejus*, born at *Bologna* in *Italy*, was Auditor of the Rota, and Bifhop of *Feltria*. Being afterwards created Cardinal, he was fent Legate to *England*, in the Year 1518, in hopes of prevailing on *Henry VIII.* to enter into a War againft the *Turks* ; which the King was diffuaded from by *Wolfey*, as looking upon it to be calculated only to put his Majefty to an Expence in an Affair that very likely would come to nothing, as the Event fhewed.

However, in other Refpects, *Campejus* was well received ; and, as a Mark of the King's Esteem for him, he was pleafed to make him Bifhop of *Salifbury* ; and then he returned to *Rome*.

The Reason of his laft coming to *England* was, upon account of the Divorce ; in which Proceeding he greatly difpleafed the King ; and, to fhew his Majefty's Refentment, he deprived him of the See of *Salifbury*. The Cardinal died at *Rome* in *Auguft* 1539.

This Character is given of him — " That he was an excellent Scholar ; a Patron, and a Benefactor to Men of Learning ; prudent, and well verfed in Affairs ; and, in the Opinion of the beft Judges, the fitteft Perfon of his Time for compofing national Differences."

Upon this the Church Hiftorian fays, *Dr. Burnet* feems not to be acquainted with him or his Family ; or otherwife furely he would not have reprefented this Cardinal in fo bad a Light as he did. — And according to my humble Opinion, the Doctor feems to be as little acquainted with Cardinal *Wolfey* and his Family ; for if he had really known either one or the other, I am very fure he would have fcorned to have reprefented him in the bad Manner he has done.

My

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
 Let me have time and council for my cause :
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
 fears,

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit : can you think, lords,
 That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
And live a subject ? Nay forsooth, my friends
*They, that must weigh out my afflictions, **
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here ;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In my own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir ?

Cam. " Put your main cause into the King's protection,
 " He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 " Both for your honour better, and your cause :
 " For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
 " You'll part away disgrac'd."

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :
Is this your christian counsel ? Out upon fe.
Heav'n is above all yet ; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

* A charming expression indeed !

Cam.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. *The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul two rev'rend Cardinal virtues ;
But Cardinal sins and hollow hearts, I fear ye :
Mend 'em for shame, my lords * : is this your comfort ?
The cordial that you bring a wretched lady ?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.*

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors ! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness ? All your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse ———

Queen. *Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one :
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King ? lov'd him next heav'n ? obey'd him ?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'Tis not well, lords ;
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour ; a great patience †.*

* Here the poet makes the Queen, in very severe terms, break out against the Cardinals, even beyond any authority he has from his historians.

† *Shakespeare* has here very finely, as well as justly, described the Queen's love and respect for the King.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, pray God ye prove so.
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
 Let me have time and council for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those fears,

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
 That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay forsooth, my friends
*They, that must weigh out my afflictions,**
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my comforts are, far hence
 In my own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. "Put your main cause into the King's protection,
 "He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
 "Both for your honour better, and your cause:
 "For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
 "You'll part away disgrac'd."

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? Out upon fe.
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

* A charming expression indeed!

Cam.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. *The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal sins and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my lords * : is this your comfort?
The cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed for heav'n's sake, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.*

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? All your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse ———

Queen. *Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one:
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n? obey'd him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords;
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience †.*

* Here the poet makes the Queen, in very severe terms, break out against the Cardinals, even beyond any authority he has from his historians.

† *Shakespear* has here very finely, as well as justly, described the Queen's love and respect for the King.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me——

Queen. Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
 Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
 What shall become of me now ! wretched lady !
 I am the most unhappy woman living.
 Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?
 [To her women.

*Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope ! no kindred weep for me !
 Almost no grave allow'd me ! like the lilly,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish *.*

Wol. If your Grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,
 The way of our profession is against it :
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 For goodness sake consider what you do,
 How you may hurt yourself, nay, utterly
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it : but to stubborn spirits,
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm ; pray think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants †.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so : you wrong your
 virtues
 With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts

* A most beautiful simile !

† This is worthy of a great and noble mind, and consequently
 very properly formed for *Wolsey*.

Such

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you ;

Beware you lose it not ; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. *Do what you will, my lords ; and pray forgive me,*

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

You know I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray do my service to his Majesty.

He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,

That little thought when she set footing here,

*She should have bought her dignities so dear *.* [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surry,
and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. *I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him †.*

* The poet has at last (by a peculiar turn natural to a fine genius) seemingly reconciled the different characters above introduced.

† Surry was then Duke of Norfolk — The Duke above introduced had been dead some time before the divorce was brought on the carpet — but there is no foundation in history to support what he makes Surry say ; yet in general, true it is, both Norfolk and Suffolk laboured to the utmost of their power to ruin Wolsey, though they did not exactly take the steps to accomplish their designs, in the way the poet has represented it in this scene.

Suff. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know:
What we can do to him (tho' now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour:

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suff. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suff. *The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anna Bulleyn*.*

Sur. Has the King this?

Suff. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

* The whole of this speech is 'formed from a most notorious falsehood; for *Wolsey* never wrote any such letter — In fact, it was calculated to continue the prejudice against *Wolsey*, by temporizing, in order to please those at the helm when it was wrote.

Cham. *The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady*.*

Sur. *Would he had!*

Suf. *May you be happy in your wish, my Lord,
For I profess you have it.*

Sur. *Now all joy
Trace the conjunction.*

Suff. *My Amen to't.*

Nor. *All mens.*

Suff. *There's order given for her coronation:
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She's is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature†. I persuade me from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd‡.*

Sur. *But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!*

Nor. *Marry, Amen.*

Suff. *No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome, has ta'en no leave, and
Hath left th' cause t' th' king unhandled,
Is posted as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot§. I do assure you,
The King cry'd Ha! at this.*

Cham. *Now God incense him;
And let him cry, Ha! louder.*

* This is also a falsehood, and wrote only to please in the manner before observed; for the King did not marry *Anna Bulleyn* till long after *Wolsey's* death.

† Here the poet temporizes to the highest degree, and makes *Suffolk* speak out of character.

‡ This speech is here introduced with a view to please Queen *Elizabeth*.

§ This is formed from mere conjecture.

Nor. *But my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?*

Suff. *He is return'd with his opinions,
Which have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in christendom: Soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager,
A widow to Prince Arthur.*

Nor. *This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.*

Suff. *He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.*

Nor. *So I hear.*

Suff. *'Tis so*.*

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal.

Nor. *Observe, observe, he's moody.*

Wol. *The packet, Cromwell!*

Gave it you the King?

Crom. *To his own hand, in's bed-chamber,*

Wol. *Look'd he o'th'inside of the paper?*

Crom. *Presently*

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he had

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. *Is he ready to come abroad?*

Crom. *I think by this he is†.*

Wol. *Leave me awhile.*

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the dutchess of Alencon,

[Aside.]

The French King's sister; he shall marry her.

* In fact it was not so, till after *Wolsey's* death.

† All the above story about the packet is raised from hearsay; and introduced by the poet the better to carry on his temporising scheme.

Anne Bulleyn! — *No, I'll no Anne Bulleyns for him, —
There's more in't than fair visage — Bulleyn! —
No, we'll no Bulleyns! — speedily I wish
To hear from Rome, — the Marchioness of Pembroke! —*
Nor. He's discontented.

Suff. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside.] *The late Queen's gentlewoman, a Knight's
daughter!*

*To be her mistress's mistress! the Queen's Queen! —
This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
Then out it goes. — What tho' I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving; yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause! — that she should lie i' th' bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King! — Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle†.*

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading a schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord of's heart.

Suf. The King! the King!

King. *What piles of wealth hath he accumulated †
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how in the name of thrift
Does he rake this together §! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?*

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion

* This is coined to answer the same end, that of temporizing.

† The poet has here very prettily worked up this fide speech; but the misfortune is, its the produce of invention, unsupported by truth.

‡ Great indeed! but for whose use the sequel shows.

§ This is raised out of the above forge, that of untruth.

Is in his brain ; he bites his lips and starts,
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple ; strait
 Springs out into fast gate, then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
 His eye against the moon ; in most strange postures
 We've seen him set himself

King. *It may well be,
 There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found
 There, on my conscience, but unwittingly,
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
 I find at such a proud rate, it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject*.*

Nor. *It's heaven's will,
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.*

King. *If we did think
 His contemplations were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
 Dwell in his musings ; but I'm afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
 His serious considering†.*

He takes his seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.

*Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
 Ever God bless your Highness.——*

King. *Good my Lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best Graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
 To keep your earthly audit ; sure in that*

* What the poet has made the king here relate, is mostly the produce of his own invention.

† This speech is well work'd up for an angry king.

*I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion*.*

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ;
A time to think upon the part of business
I bear i' th' state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which per force
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my 'tendance to.

King. You have said well.

*Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying.*

*King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;
He said he did, and with this deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings to bestow
My bounties upon you.*

Wol. What should this mean ?

[*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this business !

[*Aside.*

*King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no ? What say you † ?*

*Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires ;
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own
Ends have been such, that evermore they pointed
To th' Good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state : for your great graces*

* This answers the above purpose very well.

† Surely the King was well apprized of this without enquiry.

*Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you ; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it*.*

*King. Fairly answer'd :
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, i'th' contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropt love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any ; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me your friend than any.*

*Wolf. I profess
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
More than my own ; that am I, have been, will be,
Tho' all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; tho' perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours†.*

*King. 'Tis nobly spoken ;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
[Giving him papers.
And after this ; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you may‡.*

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the
noble throng after him, whispering and smiling.*

* A loyal, grand, and noble speech ! — In a word, the whole tenor of *Wolsey's* actions bespeaks the truth of it.

† Nothing can be more beautifully worked up than this, and contains *Wolsey's* real sentiments.

‡ This was the last time *Wolsey* saw the King.

Wol.

Wol. *What should this mean!*

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes.—So looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,

Then makes him nothing.—I must read this paper:

I fear the story of his anger——'Tis so——

This paper has undone me——'Tis th' account

Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together

For mine own ends, indeed, to gain the popedom,

And see my friends in Rome. O negligence!

Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

A way, if I take right, in spight of fortune,

Will bring me off again.—What's this—To the Pope?

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's holiness. Nay, then farewell?

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting. I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.*

S C E N E III.

Enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surry, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who commands you

* This speech is founded mostly from invention, unsupported by truth—Indeed *Shakespeare* ascribes, as one of the causes of the Cardinal's disgrace, his design of sending to *Rome* the great wealth he had got together; which account *Shakespeare* took from some of our old chronicle writers, who relate their hearsay stories. In short, all his great wealth, as it afterwards appeared, consisted only in rich goods, and some jewels, not in money; and, whatever it was, the King had all at last.

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself
 To *Asher-houfe*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
 'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, Lords ? Words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suff. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
 I mean your malice, know, officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded — Envy :
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace !
 As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
 Y'appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice !
 You have a christian warrant for 'em, and
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the King
 (Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;
 Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patent. Now who'll take it* ?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest !

Wol. Proud Lord, thou lye'st !

Within these forty hours Surry durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so†.

Sur. “ Thy ambition,

“ Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

“ Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law ;

“ The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,

“ With thee and all thy best parts bound together,

“ Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !

* A beautiful, as well as an instructive speech. — What he has
 made *Wolsey* say in relation to the great seal, is truth.

† A proper reply to an unjust charge.

“ You

" You sent me deputy for Ireland,
 " Far from his succour ; from the King, from all
 " That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him :
 " Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 " Absolv'd him with an ax*."

Wol. *This, and all else
 This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer is most false. The Duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the King, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surry can be,
 And all that love his follies †.*

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou shouldst feel
 My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else! — My Lords,
 Can you endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility, let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that *goodness*
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion :
 The *goodness* of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King ; your *goodness*,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My Lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,

* Yet Norfolk, Surry's own father, sat as Lord High Steward, and passed sentence of death on him.—As to this matter, it has been answered before.

† A very home and true reply to what Surry was made to say.

As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you
Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand :
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, yet I remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall. —
Now, if you can, blush, and cry, *guilty*, Cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst objections : *If I blush,*
*It is to see a nobleman want manners **.

Sur. I'd rather want those than my Head ; have at you.
First, That, without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate †, by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*.
Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the King
To be your servant ‡.

Suf.

* A very noble and a beautiful reprimand!

† This is not truth, for he had the King's consent.

‡ A false conclusion.—For my own part, I cannot find in any of *Wolsey's* letters, that he has generally, or at all, made use of the expression, *Ego & Rex meus* : but this is certain, he never used that expression to any foreign prince whatever, that I can perceive.—The remainder of the objections against *Wolsey* in the following speeches in this scene, are formed from the articles that were exhibited against him ; but as it is to be observed they were rejected by the House of Commons, and consequently of no validity ; this, one would have thought, would have prevented *Shakespeare* from heaping up a parcel
of

Suff. That, without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To *Gregory de Cassali*, to conclude,
Without the King's will, or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suff. That, out of mere ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. That you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Pursue not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suff. Lord cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a premunire)
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and no doubt shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

of calumnies against a man, from which he had been before acquitted.
However, I have answered in another place these articles, as they fall
in course, and which I hope will be to the satisfaction of those who
read them.

Wol.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do *. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: My high blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that will for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye.
 I feel my heart new open'd. O how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours!
 ' There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears, than war or woman have:
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromw. I have no Power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

*At my misfortunes! Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
 I'm fall'n indeed.*

* An author says, Notwithstanding that dejection of Wolsey's spirits, which here takes possession of him, he has still a sort of fallen dignity, and that there appears a stiffness and craft in him. I cannot see neither one nor the other in this speech; for according to my humble opinion, what Shakespear makes Wolsey say on this occasion, evidences, though the particular turn of the play was designed to answer Shakespear's temporising purposes, yet he thought him, in his own conception, a man of such greatness of mind, as to be a proper person to utter what he has above most elegantly and beautifully drawn up.

Cromw.

Cromw. How does your Grace?

Wolfs. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now, and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

O 'tis a burden! Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n*.

Cromw. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wolfs. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries, and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer†.

What news abroad?

Cromw. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wolfs. God bless him!

Cromw. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wolfs. That's something sudden——

But he's a learned man ‡. May he continue

Long in his highness' favour, and to do justice,

For truth's sake and his conscience, that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!

What more?

Cromw. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wolfs. That's news indeed.

Cromw. Last, that the lady Anne,

* A glorious resignation to the divine will.

† A most generous contempt of his enemies, becoming a great man.

‡ Its allowed. — But *Wolsey* does not say he was a grateful one. The reader sees here that the Cardinal recommends him to act justly in his office, which tacitly seems to imply that our poet thought *Wolsey* had so done, whilst he sustained that high post.

Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as his Queen*,
 Going to chapel, and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. *There was the weight that pull'd me down, O
 Cromwell!*

*The King has gone beyond me: all my glories,
 In that one woman, I have lost for ever.
 No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,*

* The account here given in relation to *Cranmer's* being installed archbishop of *Canterbury*, and *Anna Bullen* being married to the King, and being viewed publicly as Queen, and that of her coronation, were incidents that did not happen till after *Wolsey's* death, but were here thrown in, as I take it, for the poet to have the opportunity of introducing with greater force the speeches that follow; for Mr. *Pope* has very justly observed—"If any author deserved the name of an original, it was *Shakespear*; *Homer* himself did not draw art so immediately from the fountain of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of learning, or some cast of the model of those before him.—The poetry of *Shakespear* was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument of nature, and it is not so just to say he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.—His characters are so much nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her."—And in short, he has no where shewn it to so high a degree, as in this latter part of the scene in the third act, I mean from the time the lords leave *Wolsey* at the end of page 56.

But Mr. *Pope* observes farther, which I cannot help here taking notice of—The innumerable errors which have arisen (in *Shakespear's* works) has been from one source, the ignorance of players, both as his actors and his editors; for that a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in that he was speaking of, it seems, without any other reason than their willingness to shorten some scenes: These men (as it was said of *Procrustes*) either lopping or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

In another part he likewise observes, (for these extracts are taken from Mr. *Pope's* preface to the works of *Shakespear*) "That the edition said to be printed from the original copies, he believes was only meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been altered or added to arbitrarily. In that edition many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us."

Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, Cromwell,
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master. Seek the king,
 (That sun, I pray may never set) I've told him,
 What and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him;
 I know his noble nature, not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Cromw. O my lord!

Must then I leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
 The King shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wolf. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far bear me, *Cromwell*,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught thee,
 Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in:
 A sure and safe one, tho' thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man,
 (The image of his maker) hope to win it?
 Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*!
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;

And pr'ythee lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n is all
 I dare now call mine own. *IO Cromwell! Cromwell!
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not, in mine age,
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromw. Good Sir, have patience.

Wolf. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[Exeunt.]

* Mr. Collier speaks thus of *Wolsey*: "He maintained his innocence
 " with the highest solemnities, pressed for a trial, and desired nothing
 " more than to be brought face to face before his enemies: These
 " one would think are no great signs of *dejection* and *despair*. By the
 " way, this remark may serve to clear him in some measure from the
 " imputation of *cowardice*, which a learned historian (bishop Burnet)
 " has thrown upon him."

Another author says — "Thus much I dare venture to say in gene-
 " ral (of *Wolsey*): Never did any statesman manage a prince (*Henry*)
 " with greater dexterity, and one who threw so many riders. — None
 " ever held the reins with more steadiness: he had a capacious soul,
 " replenished with the highest ideas of shew and splendid greatness:
 " no subject ever appeared more like a king, or left greater monu-
 " ments of a princely genius."

The learned Mr. Upton in his critical remarks on *Shakespeare*, says,
 " This play might be more properly called *The Fall of Cardinal*
 " *Wolsey*, if the account had closed with the marriage of the king to
 " *Anna Bulleyn*." No doubt if a play was formed from the truth of
 history under such a title, by some eminent pen, it would be worthy the
 sight of a *British* audience, especially as the inward as well as the out-
 ward lines of such a piece is already done to his hands by so masterly
 a genius as *Shakespeare*. But the Illustrating Gentleman is not of the
 same opinion with Upton, for, says he, "The haughty prelate is in-
 " deed shewn in the height of his power and favour with the king;
 " from whence he falls by a concurrent of unhappy circumstances,
 " which brings on his total disgrace, and at last his death. — Yet
 " Queen Catherine has higher claim to give a title to the tragedy
 " than *Wolsey*, since her quality and misfortunes are superior to his." —
 The gentleman also relates — "In all *Shakespeare* has said of *Wolsey*,
 " he has followed historical truths." As I have touched upon these
 matters in the preceding notes, I shall forbear here to say any thing
 further on that head.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

I GENTLEMAN.

YOU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady *Anne* pass from her coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens
*I'm sure have shewn at full their loyal minds:
And let 'em have their rights*, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.*

1 Gen. Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be so bold to ask what that contains,
The paper in your hand?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those
customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But I beseech you what's become of *Katherine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the *Archbishop*
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other

* The poet has with great propriety spoke the real sentiments of
the citizens of *London* even at this day in respect to their rights.

*Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles
From Amphil, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for non-appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick*.*

2 Gen. Alas good lady!

The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.
[Hautboys.]

The Order of the Coronation.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
4. Choristers singing. [Musick.]
5. Mayor of *London*, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
6. Marquess of *Dorset*, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of *Surry*, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
7. Duke of *Suffolk*, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of *Norfolk*, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
8. A canopy borne by four of the *Cinque-Ports*, under it the Queen in her robe, in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her the bishops of *London* and *Winchester*.

* The poet has here given us a short, but a pretty just account of the last proceedings relating to the divorce.

9 The old Dutchess of *Norfolk*, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold, without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order of state, and then *exeunt*, with a great flourish of trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; these I know; Who', that who bears the scepter?

1 Gen. Marquiss *Dorset*.

And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be The Duke of *Suffolk*.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. "Heav'n blefs thee!

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

"Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

"Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,

"And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

"I cannot blame his conscience*."

1 Gen. They that bear

The cloth of state above her, are four barons Of the *Cinque-Ports*.

2 Gen. Those men are happy, so are all are near her. I take it, she that carries up her train, Is that old noble lady, the Dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed, And sometimes falling ones†.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' th' abbey, where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled, With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

* Here *Shakespeare* is again got into his temporising strain.

† Prettily described!

3 Gen.

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us*.

3 Gen. "As well as I am able. The rich stream
 "Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
 "To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
 "A distance from her; while her Grace fate down
 "To rest a-while, some half an hour, or so,
 "In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 "The beauty of her person to the people.
 "(Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
 "That ever lay by man;) which when the people
 "Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 "As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 "As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 "Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
 "Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 "I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
 "That had not half a week to go, like rams
 "In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 "And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 "Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
 "So strangely in one piece."

2 Gen. But pray what follow'd?

3 Gen. "At length her Grace rose, and with modest
 paces

"Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-like
 "Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly:
 "Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
 "When by the archbishop of *Canterbury*,
 "Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
 "As holy oil, *Edward* confessor's crown,
 "The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 "Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir
 "With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 "Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 "And with the same full state pac'd back again

* The poet here introduces the third gentleman very appropos, in order to give the following relation.

"To

"To *York-Place*, where the feast is held *."

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past.

For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,

'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokesley* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*

Is held no great good lover of th' archbishop,

The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:

However yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,

A man in much esteem with the King, and truly

A worthy friend. The King has made him

Master o' th' jewel-house,

And one already of the privy-council †.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,

Which is to th' court, and there shall be my guests:

Something I can command; as I walk thither

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

* The poet has prettily described what passed in the Abbey. In fact, the feint representation on the stage of the grand procession at a coronation, draws a great number of spectators to see the play, most of whom are unacquainted with *Wolsey's* real history.—Those are often prejudiced against his name and memory, owing frequently to the actor's not entering into the true spirit of the character.

† The poet's account of the preferments that the above personages met with, did (though not instantly) at different times afterwards take place.

M

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Katharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her gentleman-usker, and Patience her woman.

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death :
My legs, like loaden branches bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen : reach a chair——
So — now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam ; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he stept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tasted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abby ; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words. ' O father abbot,
' An old man broken with the storms of state,
' Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
' Give him a little earth for charity !
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with him !
Yet

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity ; he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with Princes : one that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the Kingdom ; simony was fair play :
 His own opinion was his law. I'th' presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performances, as he now is, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example *.

Grif. " Noble madam,
 " Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
 " We write in water. May it please your Highness
 " To hear me speak his good now ? "

Kath. Yes, good Griffith,
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock †, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle

He

* These reproaches on his memory the poet gleaned principally from *Hollingshed*, and the other got the greatest part of his intelligence from the infamous *Polidor Virgil*, and in fact are both equally false and malicious.

† *Shakespear* in saying he was descended from an humble stock, followed the old chronicle writers in those days, who were restrained from publicly printing what was not pleasing to the court ; and as the name of *Wolsey* was then obnoxious upon account of *Anna Bullen*, its no wonder he took the Cardinal to be descended in the manner they had related, which calls to my remembrance what the ancients have said of nobility. — " Who, says *Seneca*, is a gentleman ? The man
 " whom nature has disposed, and, as it were, cut out, for virtue ;
 " this man is well born indeed : for the man wants nothing else to
 " make him noble, who has a mind so generous that he can rise
 " above, and triumph over fortune, let his condition of life be what it
 " will. Yet this one advantage attends being nobly born, it lays
 " strong obligations upon them not to degenerate from their ancestors,
 " especially where they come out of the loins of persons who have
 " behaved themselves gallantly, served their King and country, and
 " been useful in their generations. But, says *Charron*, nobility granted
 " by any particular patent, or partial favour of a prince, without any

*He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not * ,
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer :
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting † ,
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you
 Ipswich and Oxford ‡ ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;*

“ merit to give a title to it, and neither personal accomplishments
 “ nor an ancient family to set it off, is rather a blemish, or mark of
 “ shame, than of honour ; it is a poor pitiful parchment nobility,
 “ bought to supply a needy king, or to feed a hungry courtier, the
 “ price of silver and gold, or the effect of countenance and access ;
 “ not the purchase of blood and sweat, as such honour ought to be.
 “ But if it be granted for any singular desert, and signal good services,
 “ then it falls not within the compass of this notion ; but it is to be
 “ reputed personal and acquired, and hath a right to use all those
 “ privileges and commendations which were said to belong to that sort
 “ of nobility before.”

* But not malicious !

† This was certainly a great failing in him, (if true) and a failing
 I fear which too generally attends great ministers of state.

‡ Bishop Corbet, one of his college, gives us the following lines,

Search, find his name, but there is none : O Kings !
 Remember whence your power and vastness springs.
 If not, as *Richard* now, so may you be,
 Who hath no tomb but scorn and memory.
 And, tho' from his store *Wolfey* might have
 A palace, or a college, for his grave ;
 Yet here he lies interr'd, as if that all
 Of him to be remember'd was his fall :
 Nothing but earth to earth, no pompous weight
 Upon him, but a pebble, or a quait.
 If thou'rt thus neglected, what shall we
 Hope after death, that are but threads of thee ?

—What is very remarkable, the gentlemen of *Christ-Church*, from
 the first foundation of the college, have, even to this day, bore a most
 respectful reverence and regard for his name and memory.

For

*For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God*.*

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.
*Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him †!*
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note

* If so, he in some measure made amends for what is above represented as a great failing, in respect to his having been *unsatisfy'd in getting*.

† *Wolsey* in himself, becoming a great mind, was of a free, open, and benevolent disposition, and as such ought to have been acted on the stage, instead of the unnatural stiffness and air that some (who have appeared in that character) have given him, contrary to *Shakespeare's* general view, the turn of the character, and the real truth of history, however he might otherwise temporize in some parts of his piece.—For the manner of acting a part is what either raises compassion or prejudice in the minds of the spectators, which can be done only by one who enters into nature; and then it often becomes a question, whether the actor adorns the character, or the character adorns him.

To justify in some measure what I have said — *Colley Cibber*, Esq; (who has deservedly the character of one of the greatest comedians that ever trod the stage) heretofore performed *Wolsey* with a dignity becoming the part, and by that means raised in the audience a general compassion and concern to see him so distressed in his old age, after having so eminently distinguished himself in the service of his king and country.—And what is remarkable in respect to the inimitable Mr. *Garrick*, he has by his manner of acting *Richard III.* taken off a great deal of the prejudice that has (tho' with truth) been raised against that unhappy prince; for there he really enters into nature, which caused a gentleman upon seeing Mr. *Garrick* perform the part, to cry out in an extasy—*Richard alive, alive!* and in this opinion the whole house joined, and at once gave a general clap and high applause. — Mr. *Dryden* very truly tells Mr. *Congreve* in an epistle to him,

Time, place and action may with pains be wrought:
But genius must be born; it never can be taught.

I nam'd

I nam'd my knell; whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench let's fit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Katb. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Katb. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Katb. No! saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Katb. Bid the musick leave,

'Tis

'Tis harsh and heavy to me *. [Musick ceases.

Pat. Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on a sudden?

How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Observe her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray——

Pat. Heav'n comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And't like your Grace——

Kath. You are a saucy fellow,
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You're to blame.

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel †.

Mess. I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the King to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [Exit Messenger.

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

* The musical scene here introduced, is formed from nothing else but what is called the poetical licence.

† The poet introduces this chiding story, to shew, that though Catherine was divorced from Henry, she would not quit the title of Queen.

Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physick giv'n in time had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom. *Patience*, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly, madam.

Kath. " In which I have commended to his goodness
" The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,
" (The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
" Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
" (She's young, and of a noble modest nature,
" I hope she will deserve well) and a little
" To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him
" Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
" Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
" Upon my wretched women, that so long
" Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
" Of which there is not one, I dare avow
" (And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
" For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
" For honesty and decent carriage,
" A right good husband, let him be a noble:
" And sure those men are happy that shall have e'em.
" The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
" But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
" That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
" And something over to remember me.
" If heaven had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
" And able means, we had not parted thus.
" These are the whole contents. And good my lord,
" By

" By that you love the dearest in this world,
 " As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 " Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the King
 " To do me this last right*."

Cap. By heav'n I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. " I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 " In all humility unto his Highness;
 " And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
 " Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
 " For so I will — mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
 " My lord — *Griffith* farewell — nay, *Patience*,
 " You must not leave me yet. I must go to bed —
 " Call in more women — When I'm dead, good wench,
 " Let me be us'd with honour †, strew me over
 " With

* The poet has formed this speech from the letter Queen Catherine actually sent to the King just before her death.

† What the poet has made her express at the last, is also supported from the truth of history. — *Michael Drayton*, Esq; justly styled the *English Ovid*, has these lines upon the Queen;

" Many of us desire Queen Catherine's state,
 " But very few her virtues imitate."

Her sufferings beget great compassion in the people, and all the superstitious clergy (*Echard* affirms) zealously supported her interests, but now her troubles ended with her life. — *Bayle* says, " What would have been very commendable on another occasion, is the principal crime of *Anna Bulleyne*. To have refused to oblige an amorous monarch, unless he put away his wife, is a crime much more enormous than to have been his concubine. A concubine would not have dethroned a Queen, nor would she have deprived her either of her crown, or her husband. Whereas the artful *Anna Bulleyne*, under pretence of being chaste and scrupulous, thought of nothing less than usurping the throne of *Catherine*, and excluding her and her daughter from all the honours which were due to them."

But to return, *Catherine* desired to be buried among the Observant Friars, who had been greatly injured for her sake; she ordered five hundred masses for her soul, and her woman *Patience* to go in pilgrimage to our Lady of *Walsingham*, and to give, as she passed on, two hundred nobles to the poor. — She died (1536) in the 50th year of her age, and in the 33d year since she came into *England*; and was an instance, that greatness and happiness (according to *Echard*) are

" With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
 " I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 " Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
 " A Queen and daughter to a King, inter me.
 " I can no more +! — [Exeunt, leading Katherine.

of two natures. She was a devout and exemplary lady, and used to work much with her own hands among her maidens; and the severities and devotions that were known to her priests, and her alms-deeds, raised a high esteem of her in all sorts of people. The King indeed often complained of her uneasy temper; but that likely was to be as much imputed to the provocations he gave her, as to any sowerness in her own — Yet the King, it is said, shed tears when he received the news of her death — But *Echard* says, *Queen Anna did not carry her death so decently as became a happy rival, expressing too much joy both in her behaviour and habit.*

End of the FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gardener bishop of Winchester, a page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

GARDINER.

IT's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas*,
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovell*: what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you:
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this word. The Queen's in labour,
They say in great extremity, 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

N 2

Gar.

Gar. But Sir, Sir —

Hear me, Sir *Thomas* — *y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wise, religious,
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves**.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary: further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
*There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him; indeed this day,
Sir I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence
Tha does infect the land; with which they mov'd
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint of his great Grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, he hath commanded
To morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.*

[*Exeunt Gardiner and page.*]

Lov. Many good nights, my lord, I rest your servant.

* This act might be properly stiled the History of the Birth and Christening of Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of being made part of the History of Henry VIII. The poet discovers his temporising intention in this first scene; *Gardiner* is here made to be contriving the destruction of *Cranmer* and *Cromwell*, which was so done to please those at the helm, *Gardiner's* name being in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth* very obnoxious to the court, upon what had passed in Queen *Mary's* time.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness,
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir.

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night: [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury! ———

Denny. Yea, my good lord.

King.

King. 'Tis true——where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. * [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha!——I have said——be gone.

[Exeunt Lovel and Denny.

S C E N E III.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. *It is my duty* [Kneels.
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you rise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury,
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come give me your hand,
Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that 'till further tryal; in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower; you, a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

* This scene is introduced preparatory, to shew the poet designs to make the king do, in respect to the protecting of Cranmer against his enemies, as he really did, tho' not in the manner as the poet relates it.

Cran.

Cran. I humbly think your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
*And corn shall fly asunder.** For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand ; stand up,
Pr'ythee let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you ? my lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world ?
Your foes are many, and not small ; their practices
Must bear the same proportion : and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth ? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.†

A charming simile indeed !

† This is beautifully worked up.

Cran.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way to :
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you ;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.* Look, the good man weeps !
He's honest on mine honour. God's blest mother !
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.
He's as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. Within. Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back : the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings !

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say ay, and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege ;
And of a lovely boy ; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blest her !—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

* The ring here given, is, as the poet shews, to be made use of
when Cranmer's enemies are attempting to destroy him, which, ac-
cording to the poet's account, soon after happened.

King.

King. Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen*.

[*Exit King.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such a payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unfay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exit Lady.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?
Who waits there? fure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit Butts.*]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n he found not my disgrace: for certain

* The poet has here introduced a pretty account of the king's receiving the news of the princess's birth.

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
 (God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)
 To quench mine honour! they would shame to make me
 Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor
 'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
 Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursevants,
 Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought

They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures,

And at the door to, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,

We shall hear more anon.* —

SCENE V.

A council table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord-chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left-hand.

A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surry, Lord-chamberlain, and Gardiner seat themselves

* Here the poet makes *Cranmer* attend the council in a very odd manner, and the king a spectator of what passes at the council board.

in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord Arch-bishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels! from which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:
Tow'rd the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em

* It is very odd, at first view, that the poet should make Cromwell secretary to the council, when they were consulting Cranmer's destruction, considering the cause those two great men were embarked in, and which, in fact, is contrary to the truth of history: and what is still very extraordinary, the poet just before makes Gardiner the leading man at the council board, consulting with Sir Thomas Lovell how to take the most effectual way to destroy Cromwell as well as Cranmer.

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physick: and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
 Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
 The upper Germany can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
 (And with no little study) that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever to do well: nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirs against
 (Both in his private conscience and his place)
 Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
 Pray heav'n the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. "My lord, because we've business of more
 "moment,

"We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
 "And our consent, for better tryal of you,
 "From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 "Where being but a private man again,
 "You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 "More than I fear you are provided for*."

* The poet in these last speeches has very prettily painted the progress of the reformation, and the malice Gardiner bore to those who encouraged it.

Cran.

Cran. *Ay, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But rev'rence to your calling makes me modest.**

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.†

Gard. " Good Mr. Secretary
" I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
" Of all this table, say so.

Crom. *Why, my lord?*

Gard. " Do not I know you for a favourer
" Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. *Not sound?*

Gard. " Not sound, I say.

Crom. *Would you were half so honest!*
Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. *I shall remember this bold language.*

Crom. *Do.*

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. *This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my lords.*

* The reply the poet has drawn for Cranmer, in answer to Gardiner, is beautifully exhibited.

† The poet introduces this, to give Gardiner an opportunity of charging Cromwell with encouraging the reformation.

Gard.

Gard. *I've done.*

Crom. *And I.*

Cham. *Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?*

All. *We are.*

Cran. *Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?*

Gard. *What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.*

Enter the Guard.

Cran. *For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?*

Gard. *Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.*

Cran. *Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;
By vertue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.*

Cham. *This is the King's ring.**

Sur. *'Tis no counterfeit.*

Suf. *'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.†*

Nor. *D' you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?*

Cham. *'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.*

* The poet here shews that the ring had the desired effect, the preventing Cranmer's enemies carrying into execution what they had projected.

† A very proper speech for a time-serving lord, such as Suffolk was.

Crom.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye*.

S C E N E VI.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
heav'n

In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.†

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody§.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest,

[To Cran.]

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace —

King. No, Sir, it does not please me ||.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

* This is well worked up for one the poet has made Cromwell to be in this scene.

† A very proper speech for a time-serving courtier.

§ And as proper a reply.

|| Well expressed!

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber door, and one as great as you are?
 Why what a shame was this? did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
 Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
 Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. "My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
 Grace

"To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 "Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
 "If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
 "And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 "I'm sure in me*."

King. Well, well, my lords respect him:
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it,
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him,
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*
 I have a suit which you must not deny me.
 There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons:
 you shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old Dutches
 Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquess *Dorset* —

* Well spoke lord *Chamberlain*: And what is better, its the natural language of such courtiers. The poet fills up the remainder of the scene with the King making *Cranmer* and the rest of the council friends, and that in such a manner, as to shew us the changling temper and disposition of particular persons.

Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
heart ;

The common voice I see is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus : do my lord of *Canterbury*
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away : I long
To have this young one made a christian,
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain :
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter and his man.**

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals ; do
you take the court for *Paris Garden*? Ye rude slaves,
leave gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye
rogue : is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen
crab tree staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches
to 'em : I'll scratch your heads ; you must be seeing
christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you
rude rascals?

Man. Pray Sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make them sleep
On *May-day* morning, which will never be :
We may as well push against *Paul's*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot

* This mob scene, if it pleases and makes the upper gallery spectators laugh, the poet has gained what he designed by introducing it.

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that
had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she,
cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see
a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God
save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. *Puppy*.
Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down
by the dozen? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have
we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to
court, the women so besiege us? bless me! what a fry
of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience,
this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be
father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a
brasier by his face, for o'my conscience twenty of the
dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him
are under the line, they need no other penance; that
fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three
times was his nose discharged against me; he stands
there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a
haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd
upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for
kindling such a combustion in the state. I mist the
meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out Clubs,
when I might see some forty truncheons drawn to her
succour, which were the hope of the strand where she
was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place;
at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd
'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em de-
liver'd such a shower of pebbles, loose shot, that I was
fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work;
the devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o'th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies. When they pass back from th' christ'ning?

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done;
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect; y'are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpet sounds,
Th' are come already from the christening;
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a lady, then follows the marchioneſs of Dorſet, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop paſs once about the ſtage, and Garter ſpeaks.*

*Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodneſs ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of England, fair Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guards.

*Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen
My noble partners and myſelf thus pray,
All comfort, in this moſt gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!*

*King. Thank you, good lord Arch-biſhop:
What is her name?*

Cran. Elizabeth.

*King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God proteſt thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.*

Cran. Amen.

*King. My noble goſſips, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.*

*Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir,
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter*

* The poet has worked this ſcene up to the very height, in compliment to queen *Elizabeth*, and if properly performed, muſt be very pretty to ſee, and equal if not ſuperior to the coronation.

*Let none think flatt'ry, for they'll find 'em truth;
 This royal infant, (heaven still move above her)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time will bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goddess)
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
 her.*

*In her days ev'ry man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known, and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her, but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of dark-
 ness)*

*Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, ter-
 ror,*

*That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Where-ever the bright son of heav'n shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a mountain cedar reach his branches*

To

To all the plains about him: children's children
Shall see this, and bless heav'n*.

King:

* I shall here insert some matters omitted in the life of *Henry the VIIIth*, relating to *Queen Ann*, mother of *Queen Elizabeth*. She was of a better family on her mother's side than on her father's, was born in 1507, and at seven years of age went over to *France* with the Princess *Mary*, *Henry the VIIIth's* sister, who was Queen to *Lewis XII*. She came back to *England* with that Queen upon the death of her husband, but was entertained in the court of *Queen Claude*, wife to *Francis I.* and upon the death of this last Queen, she went into the family of the dutchess of *Alencon*.

The year of her return to *England* is not well known, some will have it in 1527, and others in 1525; but this is certain, she had been maid of honour to *Queen Catherine*.

Burnet says *Henry VIII.* married her privately, *November 14, 1532*, declared her Queen on *Easter-Eve, 1533*, and crowned her the first of *June* following; She was brought to bed of the Princess *Elizabeth*, *September 7*, and continued beloved by the King until the charms of *Jane Seymour* destroyed it.

"Then (as *Bayle* says) he changed his love into a violent hatred for his wife. — He suffered her to be imprisoned, caused her to be tried, and she was condemned to be either burnt or beheaded. — It was remarkable, that under the long reign of *Elizabeth*, there never was any attempt to justify her mother."

Echard takes notice, "That it was but a very few months after the death of *Queen Catherine*, that *Queen Ann* met with a full more unfortunate and fatal end than the other.

The author of the *General Dictionary* give us to understand, that they have met with several matters relating to this lady, omitted by *Mr. Bayle*; and that a very learned and ingenious gentleman; *Thomas Clarke*, of the *Inner Temple*, Esq; * (in particular) had communicated to them a copy of the indictment; this they have inserted in a note.

The author further says, — "That if the peers had upon her trial given in their verdict according to the expectation of the other assembly, she had been acquitted. But the peers, among whom the duke of *Suffolk* was chief, who wholly applied himself to the King's humour, pronounced her guilty."

Mr. Addison, in the *Spectator*, Vol. VI. N°. 397. says, "That the short speeches or sentences which we meet with in histories, make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader, than the most celebrated strokes in a well written tragedy, and that truth and matters of fact sets the person actually before us in the one, which fiction places at a greater distance in the other.

* Now the right honourable Sir *Thomas Clarke*, knight, master of the rolls, who some time since published a very learned piece relating to the law. See Vol. III. 551.

It

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. *She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,*

And

It is related by both *French* and *English* authors. — That the Queen during her imprisonment acted very different parts ; some time she seemed devout, and poured forth abundance of tears, and immediately she fell into great fits of laughter.

“ Mr. *Addison* says, he does not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than the letter from the Queen to the King when she was sent to the *Tower*, and that *Shakespeare* himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character ; that one sees in it the expression of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an injured Queen.

“ Your grace’s displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such a one whom you know to be my ancient profess’d enemy. I no sooner received this message, than I rightly conceived your meaning : and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may secure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty perform your commands. But let not your grace imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought ever proceeded : and, to speak a truth, never prince had ever wife more loyal, in all duty, or in all true affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Bullen*, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God, and your grace’s pleasure, had been so pleased. Neither did I, at any time, forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I look’d always for such an alteration as now I find : the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace’s fancy, the least alteration whereof I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low state to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you find me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me ; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me (good king), but let me have a lawful trial ; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges : yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shames. Then shall you see either my innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopp’d, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God, or you, may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure ; and, my offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me,

as

*And yet no day without a deed to crown it,
Would I had known no more ; but she must die,*

She

as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am ; whose name I could sometime since have pointed to your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not-only my death, but an infamous slander might bring you the enjoying of a designed happiness, then I desire of God, that he would pardon your great sin herein ; and likewise my enemies, the instruments thereof : and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) my innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are in a strict imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of *Ann Bullen* hath been pleasing in your ears, let me obtain this last request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any further : with my earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have you in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the *Tower*, May 6, 1536.

Your most loyal and faithful wife,
Ann Bullen."

Mr. *Addison* tells us, this letter is still extant in the Cotton Library ; but the lord *Herbert* says, it is not an original. — Dr. *Burnet* relates, " that the Queen's spirit was much exalted when she wrote it,* for " it is a pitch above her ordinary stile.

Mr. *Collier*, who was a very true protestant and a very honest gentleman, observes, " that the letter was said to be found among secretary *Cromwell's* papers. — But that its no original, nor no way " resembles her two letters to *Wolsey*, or her speech upon the *Scaffold*, " yet it is possible she might dictate the minutes, and some attendant " of hers might draw it into length, and give it a raised turn."

Mr. *Strype* gives a particular account of the Queen's behaviour in the *Tower*, extracted out of six letters from Sir *William Kingston*.

She said to Sir *William*, " I hear I shall be accused by three men, " and I can say no more now ; but nay, though you should open " my body." And thereupon she opened her gown, adding, " *Norris* " hast thou accused me, thou art in the *Tower* with me, and " thou and I shall die together ; and mark thou art here too.

Mrs. *Cofins*, (a gentlewoman appointed to watch the Queen's actions) said that *Norris* declared, " he would swear that the Queen

* And so was the bishop when he related it as genuine.

*She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lilly shall she pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.**

King.

" was a good woman, who advised him to marry, and that he answered, he would tarry a while. — Then replied the Queen, you look for dead mens shoes, and I can ruin you," and upon which they fell out. The Queen further said to Sir William, " that she feared *Weston* the most, because he very frequently came into her chamber, but, says she, he courted one of my maids, tho' he had a wife, and that she reproved him for such his behaviour: to this, he replied, he loved one in the house, better than either his wife, or she whom he seemed to court. — The Queen asked, who was that? he replied, herself, and then she defied him, " as she told *Kingston*, and treated him with scorn and contempt for reflecting upon her honour."

These and such like accounts being carried to the King, were the cause (as it is said) of the destruction of all of them.

In one of Sir William's Letters he takes notice. — " That she complained she had been cruelly handled by the council, particularly the duke of *Norfolk*, who replied, in his answer to her defence, Tut, tut, tut, shaking his head three or four times. As for Mr. Treasurer, he was, said she, in the forest of *Windsor*. (You know, says Sir William, in this Letter to Cromwell, what she meant by that) She named likewise the Comptroller, another of the Council, to be a very Gentleman, but that for herself to be a Queen, and be so cruelly handled, it was never seen before; but I think, the King does it to prove me, and then she laughed and was merry. — After this, she said, I shall have justice. *Kingston* answered, you need not doubt it. The Queen rejoined, if any accuse me, I can but say NAY, and they can bring no witness."

In a conversation with lady *Kingston* and Mrs. *Cofins*, she said, " if I die, you shall see the greatest punishment for her, within seven years, that ever came to *England*, and then shall I be in Heaven, for I have done many good deeds in my days." — And she declared, it being a very dry season, " that they would have no rain till she was delivered out of the Tower." — In regard to the women that were placed about her, she observed, " that the King did not well know what he did, when he placed such persons as that lady and Mrs *Cofins*, for they could tell nothing of my Lord her brother, nor of herself, and that she defied them."

Mrs. *Stoner*, one of the gentlewomen that attended her, told the Queen, " that *Mark Smeeton* was used worst of all, and put in irons." The Queen answered, " that it was because he was a gentleman,

* The poet here, becoming a great master, has finished his picture with much spirit and perspicuity.

King. O lord Arch-bishop,
Thou'lt made me now a man ; never, before
This

“ and that he was never in her chamber but at *Winchester*, and then
“ she sent for him to divert her, by playing on a musical instrument ;
“ and she never spoke to him since, but upon *Saturday* before *May-*
“ *day* last, and then she asked him why he was so sad.” — He an-
“ swered, “ it was no matter.” She replied, “ you must not expect
“ me to speak to you as I do to a nobleman, because you are an in-
“ ferior person.” He answered, “ *no, no, a look suffices, fare you well,*
“ and so departed.

Mr. *Strope* remarks, “ that this shews him to be a haughty per-
“ son, who thought the Queen did not give him respect enough, and
“ therefore he took the opportunity to revenge himself, not imagin-
“ ing that it would cost him his own life.”

Sir *Edward Baynton* * was one of those who was appointed to at-
tend the Queen in the *Tower*, and after being there some little time,
and observing the Queen's behaviour, he wrote the following letter to
Sir *William Fitz-Williams* Treasurer of the Household.

Mr. Treasurer,

“ This shall be to advertise you, that here is much communica-
“ tion, that no man will confess any thing against her at all. but
“ wherefore in my foolish conceit, it should much touch the king's
“ honour, if it should no farther appear. And I cannot believe, but
“ that the other two be as far culpable as ever was he ; and I think
“ assuredly, the one keepeth the other's council, as many conjectures
“ in my mind causeth me to think ; and especially, of the communi-
“ cation that was last between the Queen, Mr. *Norris*, and Mr. *Anner*,
“ and me : as I would, if I might speak with Mr. Secretary and you
“ together, more plainly express my mind. If the case be, that they
“ have confessed in their behaviour (like witnesses) ill things, as they
“ should do, then the matter is at a point. I have mused much at
“ the manner of Mrs. *Margery*'s behaviour of late, who has used her-
“ self so strangely towards me, that has been so much her friend. But
“ no doubt, it cannot be, but she must be counselled therewith, for
“ there has been great friendship between the Queen and her of late :
“ I hear further, that the Queen stands stiffly in her opinion, and that
“ she will die in it ; which, I think, is in the trust she has in the other
“ two. But, if your business be such as you cannot come, I would
“ gladly come and wait on you, if you think it requisite.”

It appears from what soon after followed, that proper regard was
paid to this letter, and the next step that was taken, was to examine
into the report touching the Queen's former contract of marriage with
the lord *Piercy*, who was now become Earl of *Northumberland* ; the
result of which the following letter shews,

* There is some of the descendants from this knight now living
in *Oxfordshire*,

“ Mr.

This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

That

" Mr. Secretary,

" This shall be to certify unto you, that I perceive by Sir *Reynald Carnaby*, that there is supposed to be a pre-contract between the Queen and me, whereupon I was not only examined upon my oath before the Archbishops of *Canterbury* and *York*, but also received the blessed Sacrament upon the same, before the Duke of *Norfolk*, and others the King's Highness' counsel, learned in the spiritual law, assuring you, Mr. Secretary, by the said oath and blessed body, which before I received, and hereafter mean to receive, to desire, that the same may be my damnation, if ever there were any contract, or promise of marriage between her and me. At *Newington-Green*, the 13th of *May*, 1536, in the 28th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King *Henry VIII*.

" Yours assured,

" *N. Northumberland.*"*

On the 14th of *May*, the King was formally divorced from the Queen, and the next day she, and those who were accused with her, were condemned of high treason and executed.

Some hours before her death, she said, " I hear the executioner was very good one, and I have a little neck, and put her hand about it, laughing heartily." — And it has been averred that she preserved a cheerful temper to the last.†

An historian speaks of the Queen after this manner:

" And tho' she herself always defended her honour, and denied the height of the charge, yet she confessed enough to prove that she had been airy to indiscretion, taken improper freedoms, and conversed out of guard." However it was, her death cast a great damp upon all those that were thought to favour the Reformation, especially upon archbishop *Cranmer*, who exerted himself upon the occasion in a very mournful letter he wrote to the King in her behalf, in which he ventures to paint her out as one of the best of women, and that her affection towards his Majesty was unquestionable; omitting not to insinuate, at the same time, that she was a friend to the purity of the gospel.

Charity and good-nature, I own, are as requisite in history as in conversation; and upon this account, I am willing to join with those who think there was something of contrivance and malice in the prosecution of this unfortunate lady, (as there usually is in most prosecutions, tho' the party arraigned may be highly criminal) yet I cannot well be reconciled to some circumstances of her cause and

* This letter fully clears *Wolsey* from the unjust reflection cast on him, as to his being the means of breaking that contract, when in fact there had been none.

† Mr. *Strype* takes notice, that in *Burnet's* account of the Queen's execution, there are several gross mistakes.

behaviour.

That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all—to you, my good Lord-mayor,
 And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords,
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day no man think
 H'as business at his house, for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holy-day. [Exeunt.]

behaviour. Can we believe that such a bench of noble lords, that sat upon her life, would proceed to condemn her without some proof? Again, one of the offenders actually owned the fact with the queen, and she herself acknowledged several indecencies. Besides, if she was innocent, why did she not declare her innocence, when she came to die, as she ought to have done? For, in such cases, we are obliged not to scandalize mankind, nor to go out of the world with an evil fame. Now, whereas she only desired the world, in general terms, not to censure her, declaring, at the same time, that the king, who, brought her to that unfortunate end, was a just and religious prince (which was far from being true, if she died innocently); this must leave a very odd idea of her in the judgment of posterity, especially if we consider her inconsistent behaviour at the time of her execution. Her language was broken and disturbed; she seemed to discover a mixture of assurance and confusion; for she laugh'd one minute and wept another. Sometimes she stood upon her vindication, and at other times she confessed some indecencies, which she afterwards denied. In a word, her story is very particular, and here I shall leave it.



F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

PAge 3, line 16, for *down* r. *done*. — p. 8. l. 23. r. *perish*. p. 21. l. 10. for *May* r. *My*. p. 44. l. 32. for *deliyer* r. *deliver*. p. 56. l. 37. read *ye*. p. 82. l. 20. for *tasted*, r. *tainted*. p. 12. l. 29. for *con-vented*, r. *convened*. p. 108. l. 18. after *comfort*, add the word *joy*. p. 109. after line 13, add,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :

